



THE  
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OR, THE  
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*The* BALANCE *of* POETS.

*To the Keeper of the* MUSEUM.

SIR,



*De Piles* is one of the most judicious Authors on the Art of Painting. He has added to his Treatise on that Subject, a very curious Paper, which he calls *The Balance of the Painters*. He divides the whole Art of Painting into four Heads; Composition, Design, or Drawing, Colouring, and Expression; under each of which, he assigns the Degree of Perfection which the several Masters have attained. To this End he first settles the Degree of sovereign Perfection, which has never been attain'd, and which is beyond even the Taste or Knowledge of the best Criticks at present; this he rates as the twentieth Degree. The nineteenth Degree is the highest of which the human Mind has any Comprehension, but which has not yet been expressed or

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executed by the greatest Masters. The eighteenth is that to which the greatest Masters have actually attained ; and so downwards according to their comparative Genius and Skill. *Monsieur de Piles* makes four Columns of his four chief Articles or Parts of Painting ; and opposite to the Names of the great Masters, writes their several Degrees of Perfection in each Article. The Thought is very ingenious ; and had it been executed with Accuracy, and a just Rigour of Taste, would have been of the greatest use to the Lovers of that noble Art. But we can hardly expect that any Man should be exactly right in his Judgment, through such a Multiplicity of the most delicate Ideas.

I have often wished to see a Balance of this Kind, that might help to settle our comparative Esteem of the greater Poets in the several polite Languages. But as I have never seen nor heard of any such Design, I have here attempted it myself, according to the best Information which my private Taste could afford me. I shall be extremely glad if any of your ingenious Correspondents will correct me where I am wrong ; and in the mean Time shall explain the general Foundations of my Scheme, where it differs from that of the French Author. For he has not taken in a sufficient Number of Articles, to form a compleat Judgment of the Art of Painting ; and though he had, yet Poetry requires many more. I shall retain his Numbers, and suppose twenty to be the Degree of absolute Perfection ; and eighteen the highest that any Poet has attained.

His first Article is Composition ; in which his Balance is quite equivocal and uncertain. For there are, in Painting, two sorts of Composition, utterly different from each other. One relates only to the Eye, the other to the Passions : So that the former may be not improperly be stiled *picturesque* Composition, and is concerned only with such a Disposition of the Figures, as may render the whole Group of the Picture intire and well united ; the latter is concerned with such Attitudes and Connections of the Figures, as may effectually touch the Passions of the Spectator. There are, in Poetry, two analogous kinds of Composition or Ordonnance ; one of which belongs to the general Plan or Structure of the Work, and is an Object of the cool Judgment of a Connoisseur ; the other relates to the most striking Situations, and the most moving Incidents. And tho' these are most strictly connected in Truth and in the Principles of Art, yet in Fact, we see them very frequently disjoined ; and they depend indeed on different Powers of the Mind. Sir *Richard Blackmore*, a Name for Contempt, or for Oblivion ; as the Commonwealth

wealth of Poetry, had more of the former than *Shakespear*; who had more of the latter than any Man that ever lived. The former we shall call *Critical Ordennance*, the latter *Pathetick*. And these make the two first Columns of our Ballance.

It may perhaps be necessary to observe here, that though literally speaking, these two Articles relate only to Epic and Dramatic Poetry; yet we shall apply them to every other Species. For in Lyric Poetry, in Satire, in Comedy, in the Ethic Epistle, one Author may excell another in the general Plan and Disposition of his Work; and yet fall short of him in the Arguments, Allusions, and other Circumstances, which he employs to move his Reader, and to obtain the End of his particular Composition.

Our next Article answers to that which *Monsieur de Piles* calls *Expression*; but this likewise, in Poetry, requires two Columns. Painting represents only a single Instant of Time; consequently it expresses only a present Passion, without giving any Idea of the general Character or Turn of Mind. But Poetry expresses this part, as well as the other; and the same Poet is not equally excellent in both. *Homer* far surpasses *Virgil* in the general Delineation of Characters and Manners; but there are, in *Virgil*, some Expressions of particular Passions, greatly superior to any in *Homer*. I shall therefore divide this Head of *Expression*, and call the former Part *Dramatic Expression*, and the latter *Incidental*.

Our next Article answers to what the Painters call *Design*, or the Purity, Beauty, and Grandeur of the Outline in Drawing; to which the Taste of Beauty in Description, and the Truth of *Expression*, are analogous in Poetry. But as the Term *Design*, except among Painters, is generally supposed to mean the general Plan and Contrivance of a Work; I shall therefore omit it, to prevent Mistakes; and substitute instead of it, *The Truth of Taste*, by which to distinguish the fifth Column. And indeed, this Article would likewise admit of several Subdivisions; for some Poets are excellent for the Grandeur of their Taste, others for its Beauty, and others for a kind of Neatness. But they may all be rang'd under the same Head; as *Michael Angelo*, *Raphael*, and *Poussin* are all characteriz'd from their *Design*. The *Truth of Taste* will, *ceteris paribus*, belong to the first, in the highest Degree; but we must always remember that there can be no Greatness without Justness and Decorum; which is the Reason that *Raphael* is counted higher in *Design* than *Michael Angelo*. For though this latter had a grander and more maf-

culine Taste, yet *Raphael*, with a truly grand one, was incomparably more correct and true.

It is not easy to assign that part of Poetry, which answers to the Colouring of a Painter. A very good judge of Painting, calls the *Colouring*, the Procureess of her Sister, *Design*; who gains Admirers for her, that otherwise might not perhaps be captivated with her Charms. If we trace this Idea through Poetry, we shall perhaps determine Poetical Colouring to be such a general Choice of Words, such an Order of Grammatical Construction, and such a Movement and Turn of the Verse, as are most favourable to the Poet's Intention, distinct from the Ideas which those Words convey. For whoever has reflected much on the Pleasure which Poetry communicates, will recollect many Words which, taken singly, excite very similar Ideas, but which have very different Effects, according to their Situation and Connection in a Period. It is impossible to read *Virgil*, but especially *Milton*, without making this Observation a thousand times. The sixth Column of the Ballance shall therefore be named from this *Poetical Colouring*.

As for Versification, its greatest Merit is already provided for by the last Article; but as it would seem strange to many, should we intirely omit it, the seventh Column shall therefore be allotted for it, as far as it relates to the meer Harmony of Sound.

The Eighth Article belongs to the *Moral* of the several Poets, or to the Truth and Merit of the Sentiments which they express, or the Dispositions which they inculcate, with respect to Religion, Civil Society, or Private Life. The Reader must not be surprized, if he find the Heathen Poets not so much degraded as he might expect in this Particular; for tho' their Representations of Divine Providence be so absurd and shocking, yet this Article is intended to characterize the comparative Goodness of their moral Intention, and not the comparative Soundness of their speculative Opinions. *Where little is given, little is required.*

The Ninth and last Column contains an Estimate of their comparative Value and Eminence *upon the Whole*. This is greatly wanting in the *French* Author. The Degrees of Perfection which he assigns to *Rubens*, make up a Sum, when the four Articles are added to each other, exactly equal to what he calculates for *Raphael*; so that one, not greatly versed in the Study of Pictures, might imagine from thence that *Rubens* was as great a Painter as *Raphael*. This general Estimate is also more necessary in the present Scheme, as some of the Articles, particularly that of *Ordonnance*, are applied equally to every

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every Species of Poetry; so that a Satirist will be rated as high, in that Article, as an Epic Poet; provided his Ordonnance be as perfect for Satire, as that of the other is for Heroic Poetry. Upon this Account, Justice to the Manes of the diviner Poets requires that we should acknowledge their Pre-eminence upon the Whole, after having thus set their Inferiors upon a Level with them in particular Parts.

You see this general Method is here applied to a few, the greater Names of Poetry in most polite Languages. I have avoided to bring in any living Authors, because I know the Vanity and Emulation of the Poetical Tribe; which I mention, lest the Reader should find fault with me for omitting *Voltaire*, *Metastasis*, or any favourite Author of our own Nation. I am, Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

MUSIPHRON.

The Balance.

			Critical	Pathetic	Dramatic	Incidental	Taste.	Colouring.	Verification.	Moral.	Final Estimate.
			Ordonnance.	Ordonnance.	Expression.	Expression.					
Ariosto	—		0	15	10	15	14	15	16	10	13
Boileau	—	—	18	16	12	14	17	14	13	16	12
Cervantes		—	17	17	15	17	12	16	—	16	14
Cornicille		—	15	16	16	16	16	14	12	16	14
Dante	—	—	12	15	8	17	12	15	14	14	13
Euripides	—	—	15	16	14	17	13	14	—	15	12
Homer	—	—	18	17	18	15	16	16	18	17	18
Horace	—	—	12	12	10	16	17	17	16	14	13
Lucretius		—	14	5	—	17	17	14	16	0	10
Milton	—	—	17	15	15	17	18	18	17	18	17
Moliere		—	15	17	17	17	15	16	—	16	14
Pindar	—	—	10	10	—	17	17	16	—	17	13
Pope	—	—	16	17	12	17	16	15	15	17	13
Racine	—	—	17	16	15	15	17	13	12	15	13
Shakespeare		—	0	18	18	18	10	17	10	18	18
Sophocles		—	18	16	15	15	16	14	—	16	13
Spenser	—	—	8	15	10	16	17	17	17	17	14
Tasso	—	—	17	14	14	13	12	13	16	13	12
Terence	—	—	18	12	10	12	17	14	—	16	10
Virgil	—	—	17	16	10	17	18	17	17	17	16

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## A LETTER to my Lord H.

YOU know, my Lord, that a late Traveller \* speaks of a Cave on the Coast of the Kingdom of *Tunis*, which he takes to be the same with that in which *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* and his People shelter themselves, after that terrible Storm that drove them to this Part of *Africa*.

The Description of this Cave in *Virgil* is so pretty, that I am sure you will give me Leave to repeat it to you.

*Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur  
In cælum scopuli; quorum sub vertice latè  
Æquora tuta silent: tum sylvis scena coruscis  
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbrâ.  
Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum;  
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo:  
Nympharum domus. ———— †*

The Cave, which Dr. *Shaw* points out for this, answers in most of the Particulars to this Description. The Shore is hollow'd in, for a considerable Depth, under the Hill, near the Promontory of *Mercury*, or *Cape Bon*; by some ancient Quarries: which, as he supposes, may have furnish'd Stone for the building of *Utica* and *Carthage*. At proper Distances there are a kind of rough Pillars left standing, to keep the Weight at Top from falling in. This odd Grot, with such a wild sort of Architecture, answers very well to the Expression of *Nympharum domus*. The Arches of it lie open to the Sea, and the Mountain is over-shaded with Trees. There is a Cliff on each Side. Within there are Seats, which they left as they dug away the Stone; and there are several little Springs, or Rivulets, that are perpetually draining from the Rock, and running through the Cave to the Sea. In short, 'tis so like *Aeneas's* Cave in *Virgil*, that, were it only a little nearer *Carthage*, one should have no manner of Doubt but that it was the very same.

I am in some Fear, my Lord, that you, who are so great a Virtuoso, on reading this, may have some Inclination to take a Voyage into the *Levant*, to visit so beautiful a Curiosity. But if it is the Beauty of it chiefly that tempts you, I assure

\* See Dr. *Shaw's Travels*, p. 158. † *Æn.* i. ver. 172.

assure your Lordship, that there is no manner of need for you to go so far; for we have as beautiful a Cave, in our own Island; which I discover'd this Summer, in my Tour into *Wales*. 'Tis in *Glamorganshire*; and is call'd by the better Sort *St. Donat's Cave*, and by the Vulgar *Reynard's Church*. I question whether it falls short of *Dr. Shaw's Cave*, either in \* Size, or Beauty. The Rock is Wave-worn; and the whole Cave is the boldest Rustick I ever saw; except the Roof, which in most Places is as flat and even as a Ceiling. This is occasion'd by the Vein of Stones running horizontally in that Place; and the Force of the Water, which fills the whole Cave at Spring-tides, has smooth'd the Roof so exactly, that one of our Company would not be persuaded, but that it was artificial. At the upper End of the Cave is a sort of natural Tribunal, or grand Seat, arch'd into the Stone; where a Spring of fresh Water falls into a Cistern, which it has hollow'd in the Stone by continually dripping upon it; and along the Sides are Seats in the living Rock, made by the rushing in of the Tides. From the Entrance you command a View of the Channel, which they call seven Leagues over; and see every Ship that sails to or from *Bristol*. The *Somersetshire* Hills, or rather Mountains, bound the Prospect that Way. The Cliff, over the Entrance to the Cave, rises somewhat more than the Height of the Cave itself; and on the Top of it you see Horses, Cows, and Goats intermix'd; and grazing to the very Edge of the Precipice, to avoid the Flies, and other Insects, which will not come near the Sea-breezes. All together, it makes one of the most delightful Pastoral Scenes that I ever beheld.

The Way from hence down to the Shore is as romantick as the Cave itself. The Path, at first, winds thro' a gloomy Wood of very tall Trees; and the View is confin'd on each Side by two rising Hills. As you go on, you break all on a sudden on that fine Prospect of the Sea, and the *Somersetshire* Hills. The Beach is semi-circular, like a Bay; and the Descent down to it is cover'd with large Pebbles, rang'd in Rows one below another, like the Seats in an old *Roman* Theatre; as the Rocks, which come rounding on each Side, do not ill represent the Walls of one.

Here it was, that (tir'd with the Heat of the Season, and the pleasing Fatigues of the Day,) I sat me down, with the Sea full in my View; and was led, by the Nature of the Scene around me, into a successive Chain of Thoughts about the  
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\* The Length of *St. Donat's Cave* is 160 Feet, the Breadth 43, and the Height 34.

Grandeur of the old *Romans*, their wonderful Progress in Naval Affairs, the grand Representations they had, and particularly their *Naumachia*, or sham Sea-fights; till at last I fell insensibly into a sound Sleep. I was so happy, however, as not to lose my Prospect, tho' my Eyes were closed. The same Sea, and the very same Bay, were pictur'd in my Dream, that I had been just before looking upon with so much Pleasure: But it was improved by the Help of my Imagination; for just before me, in the Bay, I saw two considerable Fleets rowing towards each other. The Shore was crowded with an infinite Number of Spectators, who, by their Dress, seem'd to be so many old *Romans*. They were seated according to their several Degrees, and the most honourable Seat was left vacant; as it seem'd to me, for the Consuls, and some of the other chief Officers of the State. Both the Fleets address'd themselves for Action. They managed their Vessels with a surprising Readiness, and exercised in different Squadrons, before the general Engagement was to begin. The lighter Gallies row'd against one another, with an Emulation that appear'd in the Faces of every even the lowest Sailor; and then retir'd behind the great Ships, which were drawn up in two Lines. The glittering of their Arms, and the playing of the Sun upon the brazen Rostra, made an Appearance which our modern Fleets can give us no Idea of. On a sudden they bore up to each other, with Shouts and martial Music. Their Prows almost met, and I expected the fatal Consequences of so violent a Shock; when, all at once, one Line opening to the Right and Left, let the other pass thro'; who tacking about, almost as swift as Thought, pursued a flying Enemy, that but just before seem'd victorious. The Shores echoed with Applause, and both the Fleets return'd to their former Stations; where they expected the Arrival of the Consuls, and the accustom'd Signal for the Engagement. This Pause was soon interrupted by several general and repeated Shouts; which, as I supposed, were occasion'd by the Approach of the Consuls. Soon after the Victors appear'd, when immediately all that august Assembly, those Conquerors of the World, rose from their Seats. 'Tis impossible to describe the pleasing Awe I felt in my Mind, whilst I was expecting to see the Consuls, (those Representatives of the Majesty of the *Roman* People, and the Guardians of their Liberties) make their Entry into the Assembly. How blest must be the Sight of such Heroes! Each crown'd with the Laurels which he had gain'd in the Defence of his Country, and in subduing the Nations of the Earth. As I was exulting in this manner in my own Mind,

Mind, one Magistrate only entered ; and I concluded, that his Colleague was abroad on some glorious Occasion or other.—But how was I shocked when on his nearer Approach, I heard the *Romans* burst out in one universal Cry, of “ Hail *Cæsar* ! Long live the Emperor !” The Tyrant was followed by Crowds of his Sycophants. Fixing my Eyes upon him, I soon discerned that it was *Nero* ; whose cruel Air I well remembered from his Statues and Coins. I started with Indignation at the Sight of him ; the Ships, the Theatre, the *Romans* all vanished in an Instant : And I awaked, with my Heart beating ; and my Spirits all disturbed, at so horrid a Disappointment. How pleased was I to find, that it was but a Dream ?—I endeavoured to compose myself, as well as I cou’d ; and then joined the rest of my Company, who were diverting themselves with picking up Shells on the Shore.

On SELF-LOVE, *A Fable.*

WHEN I consider the natural Propensity of human Nature to Good, I am often greatly surprized how the Power of Education is able to subvert it ; but it raises my Indignation, that Superstition and idle Legends can cast such a Film over the Intellectual Eye, as to render it in a great Measure incapable of extending it’s View beyond the little circumscribed Limits of what belongs *meerly* to *Man*. ’Tis this Counter-Knowledge, that makes us by Degrees become selfish and unsocial, by confining the Design and Benevolence of Providence to a part of the Universe, which in Comparison to the whole System, is no more than a single Grain of Sand to the Earth itself ; for when once we have begun to exclude our Planet by Superiority from the rest, and to regard the other Luminaries as existing only to serve ours, we presently proceed to bring the Thought nearer Home, by looking upon the Country we casually were born in, then the Family we come from, and at length, ourselves alone, as the principal Object of divine Care. This is the Bane of all Morality, and from this plentiful Source of Evils flow *Pride*, *Ill-Nature*, and that Parent of active Vices *Uncharitableness*. Contrary Thoughts therefore must be productive of contrary Effects ; and I dare say, every one who has experienced the Light of useful Learning and true Religion, will agree with me, that nothing tends more to better the Heart, as well as enlarge the Understanding, than to carry our

Thoughts as far as we are able into Immenſity, and to meditate on the Attributes of the Deity, from whom all *Wisdom* proceeds, and in whom it ends; which will neceſſarily lead us to conſider the whole Solar Syſtem as no more than a ſingle Atom in Subjection to the univerſal Plan of divine Government! What then is Man!—The *Arabians*, who convey all their Learning, their moral and religious Precepts through Fables, relate the following Story, as an inſtructive Leſſon on this Subject.

There lived in the Vale of *Koritz*, a Hermit named *Akallab*, who by the Power of a Talisman could convert any Animal whatſoever into another of a different Species. His Life being as pure as his Knowledge was extenſive, he preſently became famous over the whole Eaſt, and all the Youth of the adjacent Countries came to him for Inſtruction. Among the reſt, the Son of the King of *Thebet* was placed by his Father under the Tuition of this celebrated Philoſopher. *Monophaz*, for that was the Name of the young Prince, was of a proud, ſelfiſh, and cruel Diſpoſition; he look'd upon the other Nations of the Earth, as tributary Vaſſals to his Power, and upon his Father's Subjects, as the abject Slaves of his Pleaſure. *Kalaphaz*, the good old King, who tenderly loved his People as a Parent, would often lament within himſelf the terrible Proſpect they had before 'em, when he anticipated the Calamities that were likely to enſue after his Death, under the Reign of his Succeſſor; however, that nothing ſhould be wanting to contribute to their Welfare, or that of his own Son, he took all the Methods poſſible to render the young Prince more humane and tractable; but when nothing avail'd, he at laſt determined to ſend him as abovemention'd, to the great Philoſopher and Magician *Akallab*. Accordingly when *Monophaz* was arrived at a little Village, where the Pupils of Diſtinction generally reſided, he ſent to command the Preceptor to come to him. *Akallab*, who both knew by his Art, and was previouſly informed of the Temper of his royal Diſciple; told the Meſſenger, that though his Birth and Fortune ſet a Diſtinction between the reſt of Mankind, yet Wiſdom claimed a Superiority by Nature over all; and though the Prince of *Thebet* had been accuſtom'd to command the Great Ones of the Earth, it was now his Turn to obey and attend the Will of his Maſter. As ſoon as *Monophaz* received this Meſſage, which breathed a Spirit of Liberty and Philoſophy, more than what he had been uſed to, he was greatly enraged againſt the Hermit, and repairing to his Cave with the Servants that attended him, reſolved to make the good

good old Man fall a Victim to his Resentment. *Akallab* being appriz'd of the young Prince's Design, waited patiently for his coming, upon whose Appearance with a drawn Sword in his Hand, he touch'd the Talisman, and *Monophaz* was instantly metamorphos'd into an Emmet. The Attendants, upon the sudden Disappearance of their Master, were greatly astonish'd, which the Hermit perceiving: "Behold! said he, "pointing to the Ground, that Insect which you see crawling on the Earth, was once *Monophaz*, your Lord, who "was to reign uncontrollable over the Lives of Millions, but "is now reduced by the Power of the Almighty, to lie with "Reptiles in the Dust; for before his Presence, who created "every Being for universal Good, and not selfish Delight, "the greatest Monarch upon the Globe is no more than "the smallest Mote flut'ring in the Meridian Sun. Learn "hence, continued he, young Prince (looking down upon "the Emmet) that those alone are distinguish'd by his present and future Favour, who correspond with his great Design of promoting the Good of all his Creatures, and "guide their Lives by the unerring Dictates of Reason, and "the tender Suggestions of Humanity. 'Tis in my Power, "whom you lately so threaten'd in your Wrath, to make you "continue in this Body, as a Punishment for the rash Attempt; but as I perceive by my Art, that there will be a "thorough Reformation of your Mind with the Change of "your Shape, and that your future Conduct will be both a "Blessing to yourself and the rest of Mankind; you shall "immediately be convey'd back again in your own Form, "with your Attendants, to the Court of your Father at "*Thebet*." Having said this, *Akallab* touch'd the Talisman, by which *Monophaz* found himself where the Magician promised to convey him; and being convinced by this Experiment of the Weakness and Insufficiency of Man in Comparison to the Power of Heaven, he became afterwards, by his Example, a living Precept of Goodness to the rest of the World.

PHILARETES.

## AN ESSAY on SNUGNESS.

—*In se totus teres atque rotundus.*

HOR.

AS I was a few Nights ago sitting with a Friend of mine, I could not help philosophizing after the manner of *Montaigne*; and my Mind was naturally induced, from the Circumstances that surrounded me, to take an oblique View of its own Happiness. The Wind was very high, and the Hail beat against my Windows. The Clearness of my Fire, the Agreeableness of my Companion, with the pleasing, tho', I must confess, ill-natur'd Reflection on the Situation of some unhappy Wretches in that tempestuous Night, gave me a Sensation of the same Nature with, tho' infinitely superior to that mention'd by *Lucretius*, of standing on the Sea-shore, and beholding a Wreck; where, indeed, the Scene would be too shocking to leave in the Mind any Traces of Satisfaction. No—far was a Thought so ungenerous and inhuman from us at that Time: We were content with Joys not so exaggerated, and not desirous of Pleasure, sufficiently happy in the Idea of our own Snugness.—If the Reader should be as much at a Loss as ever for a clear Conception of Snugness, I cannot represent it better than by recalling to his Mind the original System of *Epicurus*. It is falsely imagin'd, from the debauch'd Lives of some of his Followers, that he made his *Chief Good* to consist in voluptuous Enjoyment, and Gratifications of the Appetite. The Character of *Atticus* was form'd upon the genuine Principles of *Epicurus*. A Choice of agreeable Friends, Conveniencies of all kinds, a Mind not disturb'd by Business or narrow Circumstances, with that unalterable Easiness of Situation, which he had the Address to preserve in all the Troubles and Dissensions of the Commonwealth, seem to have been a continual Course of that kind of Happiness, which is the Subject of the present Essay; and which I do not remember to have met with better describ'd in any antient Author, than by *Lucretius* in that Expression of his,

—*Vacuique animi tranquilla voluptas.*

It will be superfluous, after this general Account, to attempt a Definition of Snugness, as there is scarce any Person living, but who must, some time or other, have experienced this agreeable Sensation. Indeed, it must be a kind of Satire  
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on a Man, to say that he was incapable of relishing this Pleasure. All the Social Passions seem to range themselves under her Standard; and, in my Mind, the Idea of Snugness always brings along with it that of a sincere Friend, a tender Husband, an affectionate Brother, and, in short, of all the Virtues that adorn and make Life happy.

I cannot but observe how great a Friend the Subject in hand is to the Muses in general. *Horace* has celebrated it in many Passages of his Writings, and has always taken a Pride in paying a due Tribute of Praise to Snugness, from whom he received all his Happiness, and all his Glory; and I think that the *English* Nation has much to lament, in not having afforded to Mr. *Dryden* an Opportunity of celebrating the Praises of this Source of Correctness.

Reflections of this Kind past between my Friend and me the whole Evening, and made so deep an Impression on my Mind, that I had no sooner slept into Bed, than I immediately fell into a sound Sleep, and had the following Vision.

I imagin'd myself lost on a wild Heath in a tempestuous Night, and endeavouring in vain to discover a Path, which might lead me to the Shelter of some Village. In these melancholy Circumstances I wander'd till towards the Morning, when I discover'd a Light at a Distance. To this I repair'd as fast as the Weight of the Snow that cover'd me, and the Icicles that hung from all Parts of my Cloaths, would permit me. I was almost arrived at it just at Break of Day, when, to my great Surprise, on a sudden the Wind was hush'd, and a clear Frost succeeded the late Storm. I advanced on, much comforted with this; when, at a Distance, I perceived a very odd Procession approaching towards me: At their Head appear'd a Matron, whose Years had served only to make her venerable, without having left any Furrows in her Face, or brought on those disagreeable Frowns, which are generally the Attendants of old Age. Notwithstanding the Plainness of her Dress (which was nothing but a *British* Cloth, made after the Fashion of the Robes of the *Roman* Ladies) I could discover in her a certain Majesty temper'd with Smiles. On both Sides of her was a Virgin, each of which betray'd something, as I thought, of a Divine Original, by her graceful and easy Demarche. These I afterwards understood to be *Contentment* and *Happiness*. Behind them was a long Train of Persons, whose Faces I remember'd to have seen somewhere before. As I was wondering what this should mean, the Goddess, fixing her Eyes on me with great Complacency, "Mortal, says she, you come very seasonably to one, who will take the  
"highest

" highest Pleasure in relieving you in your present Distress.  
 " I can perceive easily by your Appearance, that you came  
 " from an Island, which has always been my greatest Fa-  
 " vourite. You will find that most of my Attendants here  
 " are Countrymen of yours. No other People is so well  
 " acquainted with my Attributes, or can even call me by my  
 " proper Appellation. No where else so many Altars rise to  
 " my Honour, near the bright Residence of my Sister *Vesta*;  
 " for I look upon all those as Altars to me, which you Mortals  
 " erroneously call Chimney-Corners." I need not assure  
 my Readers, that I was extremely surprized at this Discourse,  
 and it was some time before I could comprehend that this  
 was the Goddess of *Snugness*, till I observed in her Train  
 many whom I knew to have been formerly her Votaries;  
 and overheard *Tibullus*† saying to Dr. *Swift*, you have infi-  
 nitely exceeded me, and I am deputed to desire you to ac-  
 cept the Place in the Procession nearest the Goddess herself,  
 and you would have had still greater Honours paid to you,  
 had they not rather belong'd to the Country Parson you de-  
 scribe, than yourself ‡. The Doctor modestly declined the  
 first Place, and pointed to \**Horace*, as a fitter Person for that  
 Station. I observed the well-bred Satirist cast his Eyes on  
*Cowley*, and immediately the whole Company insisted on his  
 accepting it, who had given so many Proofs of || his desiring  
 it, to be able to refuse the Offer. This Piece of Ceremony  
 being settled, they all proceeded to the Temple; I, at the  
 Invitation of the Goddess, attended them thither, and received  
 all the while from *Swift* an Account of their Happiness under  
 the direct Influence of their benevolent Queen. The Tem-  
 ple was situate on the Side of a Hill, open only to the  
 West and South. The Apartments were furnished with  
 Tapestry Hangings, representing the Games that were cel-  
 brated every Winter-Season, round the Altar of *Vesta*. I had a  
 long Account from the Goddess herself of all her Mysteries,  
 and the Furniture of her *Penetralia*, for I myself was pre-  
 vented from ent'ring them by an unlucky Accident. It seems  
 it was a Custom with the Goddess, to have all the Poems  
 that were made in her Praise by any of her Sons on Earth,  
 engraved in Golden Letters on the Gates of her Temple.  
 What was then inscribed there, was part of Mr. *Thompson's*  
*Poem on Winter*, with which the Goddess was so extremely  
 pleased,

† *Swift's* Character of a Country-Parson.

‡ Vid. *Tibull.* Eleg. I. Lib. I.

\* Vid. *Hor.* Sat. 6. Lib. II. & Sat. 6. Lib. I.

|| Vid. *Cowley's* Essays, & alibi passim.

pleased, that after having much extolled their Author, she could not help crying out,

*Now all amid the Rigors of the Year,  
In the wild Depth of Winter, while without  
The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,  
Between the groaning Forest and the Shore  
Beat by a boundless Multitude of Waves,  
A rural, shelter'd, solitary Scene ;  
Where ruddy Fire, and beaming Tapers join  
To cheer the Gloom ; there studious let me sit.*

Winter, V. 426.

Which she repeated with so much Ecstasy, that she unfortunately wak'd me, and interrupted my farther Progress in that delightful Place : But I soon comforted myself in the solid Consideration of my own Snugness, and by the Exclamation of *Titullus*,

*Quàm juvat immites ventos audire cubantem !*

Eleg. I. V. 41. Lib. I.

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### The MIMICK.

THE Mimick's ductile Features claim my Lays,  
Chang'd to a thousand Shapes, a thousand Ways ;  
Who with Variety of Arts, puts on  
All other Persons, and throws off his own ;  
Whose Looks well disciplin'd, his Will obey,  
Bloom at Command, or at Command decay :  
Nor blush, my Muse, those Changes to impart,  
Which ask an *Ovid's* or *Apollo's* Art.

But who, *Apollo*, all the Arts can trace,  
All the Deceits of that delusive Face ?

For

For lo ! in Sight the various Artift comes ;  
 Lo ! how in Beauty and in Health he blooms :  
 Its smoothest Charms triumphant Youth supplies,  
 Laughs in his Cheeks, and sparkles in his Eyes.  
 But sudden see, the Scene is snatch'd away,  
 See each inverted Feature in Decay ;  
 His Muscles all relax'd, his Face o'ergrown,  
 Rough, and emboss'd with Wrinkles not his own.

He trails his dangling Legs ; the wond'ring Train  
 Laugh at the solemn Conduct of his Cane.  
 Rapt thro' the Scenes of Life, he drops his Prime ;  
 A Cripple sixty Years before his Time ;  
 Runs in a Moment all its Stages o'er,  
 And steps from four and twenty, to fourscore.

Now he a venerable Judge appears,  
 And the long Garb of lazy Purple wears ;  
 Like drowfy P—s looks his aged Frame,  
 His Mein, his Habit, and Address the same :  
 When to the sneering Crowd he lisps a Joke,  
 Puns from the Law, or Quibbles out of *Coke* ;  
 With settled Air, and most judicious Face,  
 Nods o'er the Cushion, Council, and the Cafe ;  
 Slumbers, and hears by Starts the noisy Train ;  
 Catches a Period, and drops down again.  
 And now, his Hearers in their Turn to lull,  
 Himself stands up most venerably dull ;  
 Talks of old Times ; commends their loyal Zeal,  
 Their wholesome Statutes, Discipline, and Ale :  
 On different Themes bestows one common Praise,  
 The *Thames*, the Streets, the King, and King's Highways.

You see him quit the Bench, and strait appear  
 An huge old gouty Council at the Bar ;

Bawl

Bawl for his Client, wrest the tortur'd Laws  
From their true Sense, and mould them to the Cause;  
In solemn Form harangue the list'ning Crowd,  
And hem and cough emphatically loud:  
Blest Art, indeed! and glorious Eloquence,  
Where empty Noise supplies the Want of Sense.  
For Meaning, Signs and Motions he affords,  
And Interjections for the Want of Words.  
What Shape to you, O S——s, is unknown!  
What Face, but you adopt into your own!

At the least Hint, fictitious Crowds you raise,  
And multiply yourself ten thousand Ways:  
This Moment, to indulge the mirthful Vein,  
A Fool's or Doctor's Person you sustain;  
The next, resume Yourself and Sense again.

Am I deceiv'd? or by some sudden Slight,  
A starch'd Tub-preacher now he strikes the Sight,  
(Quick the Transition, and unseen the Art!)  
Pale, and entirely chang'd in every Part,  
His shorten'd Visage, and fantastic Dress,  
The mad Fanatic to the Life express;  
That small Silk Cap; those puritanick Hairs,  
Cropt to the Quick, and circling round his Ears;  
That rounded Face the Mimick here proclaim,  
How very different, yet how still the same!  
Now he, by just Degrees, his Silence breaks;  
His frantick Silence, mutt'ring e'er he speaks:  
Protracted Hums the solemn Farce begin,  
And Groans and Pauses interrupt the Scene;  
As each in just Succession comes and goes,  
Work'd to its Pitch, the Spirit stronger grows,  
And squeezes out his Eyes, and twangs his vocal Nose.

Now quick and rapid, and in Rage more loud,  
 A Storm of Nonfense bursts upon the Crowd:  
 His Hand and Voice proclaim the gen'ral Doom,  
 While this the Hour-glass shakes, and that the Room.  
 On Nature's Ruins all his Doctrines dwell,  
 And throw wide open every Gate of Hell.

A Thousand other Shapes he wears with Grace;  
 A Thousand more Varieties of Face:  
 But who, in every Shape, can count him o'er,  
 Who multiplies his Person every Hour?  
 What Muse his flying Features can pursue,  
 Or keep his wand'ring Countenance in View?  
 Had I a Thousand Mouths, a Thousand Tongues,  
 A Throat of Brass, and Adamantine Lungs,  
 I could not celebrate this *Proteus*' Skill,  
 Who shifts his Person and his Face at Will;  
 This *Proteus*, who out-numbers Hosts alone;  
 A Crowd himself; a Multitude in one.

*The BENEDICITE Paraphrased.*

I.

**Y**E Works of God, on him alone,  
 In Earth his Footstool, Heaven his Throne,  
 Be all your Praise bestow'd;  
 Whose Hand the beautiful Fabrick made,  
 Whose Eye the finish'd Work survey'd,  
 And saw that All was Good.

II.

Ye Angels, that with loud Acclaim  
 Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,  
 And hail'd th' eternal King;

Again

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Again proclaim your Maker's Praise,  
Again your thankful Voices raise,  
And touch the tuneful String.

III.

Praise him, ye blest'd Ætherial Plains,  
Where, in full Majesty, he deigns  
To fix his awful Throne:  
Ye Waters, that above him roll,  
From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole,  
Oh!—make his Praises known!

IV.

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Pow'rs,  
Join ye your joyful Songs with ours,  
With us your Voices raise;  
From Age to Age extend the Lay,  
To Heav'n's eternal Monarch pay  
Hymns of eternal Praise.

V.

Cœlestial Orb!—whose pow'rful Ray  
Opes the glad Eyelids of the Day,  
Whose Influence all Things own;  
Praise him, whose Courts effulgent shine  
With Light, as far excelling thine,  
As thine the paler Moon.

VI.

Ye glitt'ring Planets of the Sky,  
Whose Lamps the absent Sun supply,  
With him the Song pursue;  
And let himself submissive own,  
He borrows from a brighter Sun,  
The Light he lends to you.

## VII.

Ye Show'rs, and Dews, whose Moisture shed,  
 Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,  
 To him your Praises yield;  
 Whose Influence wakes the genial Birth,  
 Drops Fatness on the pregnant Earth,  
 And crowns the laughing Field.

## VIII.

Ye Winds, that oft' tempestuous sweep  
 The ruffled Surface of the Deep,  
 With us confess your God:  
 See, through the Heav'ns, the King of Kings,  
 Up-borne on your expanded Wings,  
 Comes flying all abroad.

## IX.

Ye Floods of Fire, where-e'er ye flow,  
 With just Submission humbly bow  
 To his superior Pow'r;  
 Who stops the Tempest on its Way,  
 Or bids the flaming Deluge stray,  
 And gives it Strength to roar.

## X.

Ye Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,  
 By Turns in long Succession roll'd,  
 The drooping World to cheer;  
 Praise him, who gave the Sun and Moon,  
 To lead the various Seasons on,  
 And guide the circling Year.

## XI.

Ye Frosts, that bind the wat'ry Plain,  
 Ye silent Show'rs of fleecy Rain,  
 Pursue the heav'nly Theme;

Praise

Praise him who sheds the driving Snow,  
Forbids the harden'd Waves to flow,  
And stops the rapid Stream.

XII.

Ye Days and Nights, that swiftly born,  
From Morn to Eve, from Eve to Morn,  
Alternate glide away ;  
Praise him, whose never-varying Light,  
Absent, adds Horror to the Night,  
But present gives the Day.

XIII.

Light,—from whose Ray all Beauty springs,  
Darkness,—whose wide-expanded Wings  
Involve the dusky Globe ;  
Praise him, who, when the Heav'ns he spread,  
Darkness his thick Pavillion made,  
And Light his regal Robe.

XIV.

Praise him, ye Light'nings, as ye fly,  
Wing'd with his Vengeance through the Sky,  
And red with Wrath divine ;  
Praise him, ye Clouds, that wand'ring stray,  
Or fix'd by him in close Array,  
Surround his awful Shrine.

XV.

Exalt, O Earth ! thy heav'nly King,  
Who bids the Plants, that form the Spring,  
With annual Verdure bloom ;  
Whose frequent Drops of kindly Rain,  
Prolifick swell the rip'ning Grain,  
And bless thy fertile Womb.

XVI.

## XVI.

Ye Mountains; that ambitious rise,  
 And heave your Summits to the Skies,  
 Revere his awful Nod;  
 Think how ye once affrighted fled,  
 When *Jordan* fought his Fountain-Head,  
 And own'd th' approaching God.

## XVII.

Ye Trees, that fill the rural Scene,  
 Ye Flowers, that o'er th' enamel'd Green  
 In native Beauty reign,  
 O! praise the Ruler of the Skies,  
 Whose Hand the genial Sap supplies,  
 And clothes the smiling Plain.

## XVIII.

Ye secret Springs, ye gentle Rills,  
 That murm'ring rise among the Hills,  
 Or fill the humble Vale;  
 Praise him, at whose Almighty Nod  
 The rugged Rock dissolving flow'd,  
 And form'd a springing Well.

## XIX.

Praise him, ye Floods, and Seas profound,  
 Whose Waves the spacious Earth surround,  
 And roll from Shore to Shore;  
 Aw'd by his Voice, ye Seas, subside,  
 Ye Floods, within your Channels glide,  
 And tremble and adore.

## XX.

Ye Whales, that stir the boiling Deep,  
 Or in its dark Recesses sleep,  
 Remote from human Eye;

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Praise him, by whom ye all are fed,  
Praise him, without whose heavenly Aid  
Ye languish, faint, and die.

XXI.

Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's Name,  
Begin, and with th' important Theme  
Your artless Lays improve ;  
Wake with your Songs the rising Day,  
Let Musick sound on ev'ry Spray,  
And fill the vocal Grove.

XXII.

Praise him, ye Beasts, that Nightly roam  
Amid the solitary Gloom,  
Th' expected Prey to seize ;  
Ye Slaves of the laborious Plough,  
Your stubborn Necks submissive bow,  
And bend your weary'd Knees.

XXIII.

Ye Sons of Men, his Praise display,  
Who stamp't his Image on your Clay,  
And gave it Pow'r to move ;  
Ye, that in *Judah's* Confines dwell,  
From Age to Age successive tell  
The Wonders of his Love.

XXIV.

Let *Levi's* Tribe the Lay prolong,  
'Till Angels listen to the Song,  
And bend attentive down ;  
Let Wonder seize the heav'nly Train,  
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal Strain,  
So sweet, so like their own.

XXV.

## XXV.

And you, your thankful Voices join,  
 That oft at *Salem's* sacred Shrine  
     Before his Altars kneel;  
 Where thron'd in Majesty he dwells,  
 And from the mystick Cloud reveals  
     The Dictates of his Will.

## XXVI.

Ye Spirits of the Just and Good,  
 That, eager for the blest Abode,  
     To heav'nly Mansions soar;  
 O! let your Songs his Praise display,  
 Till Heav'n itself shall melt away,  
     And Time shall be no more.

## XXVII.

Praise him, ye meek and humble Train,  
 Ye Saints, whom his Decrees ordain  
     The boundless Bliss to share;  
 O! Praise him, till ye take your Way  
 To Regions of eternal Day,  
     And reign for ever there.

## XXVIII.

Let us, who now impassive stand,  
 Aw'd by the Tyrant's stern Command,  
     Amid the fiery Blaze;  
 While thus we triumph in the Flame,  
 Rise, and our Maker's Love proclaim,  
     In Hymns of endless Praise.

LITERARY MEMOIRS.

*Letters of a Frenchman. Second Extract.*

**A**MONG the Observations which our Author makes on the Manners and Customs of the *English* Nation, his Reflections on *Marriage* deserve particular Notice. "Public Spectacles, says he (Letter X.) are not of so little Consequence as many People suppose. The Theatre, in Particular, has a great Influence upon our Manners; and no doubt, the Licentiousness of the Stage, at *London*, contributes its Share to the small Regard which the *English* have for what we call Decorum. They have there ill Examples continually set before their Eyes, which Passion will very easily determine them to imitate, when once the Restraint of modest Shame is thrown off——This is the Country where unequal Marriages are most common of any in the World. The Checks of Decency hinder but a very few of the *English* from following their own fantastical Humours, or from abandoning themselves to their Passions. If a Master of a Family marry his Maid-Servant, or the Daughter of a Duke a common Soldier, or an old rich Widow a Booby, who has no Merit but his Youth; some People laugh, the rest say nothing about it, and no body is surprized at it. Those, who by their Birth are of Rank at Court, are not afraid of degrading themselves; because they cannot lose that Rank. This is a Country of Liberty; and that Liberty is carried so far, as to venture deliberately on the most absurd Conduct, and almost without incurring any Blame. Our Laws in *France*, have wisely provided all possible Means to hinder Children from marrying, against the Consent of their Parents; lest they should engage themselves in Matches prejudicial to themselves and dishonourable to their Families. Youth is too blind, and too much subject to Passion, to understand its true Interest. The Laws of *England* are far otherwise in this Respect; they all have a Tendency to favour even the most indecent Marriages. They do not require by far enough of publick Solemnity in an Act, which the more important it is to those who engage in it, ought so much the more to interest those to whom they are related. As the Wedding-Ceremony may here be transacted in any Place whatever, I have heard

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that a Clergyman, who was in Prison, to get a "more tolerable Subsistence, hung an Advertisement at his Window, with these Words: *Weddings performed cheap here.* I hardly know what to think of the Story: I don't pretend to deny the Wisdom of the *English* Legislature, without Doubt they have had good Reasons for the Laws which they have enacted. But I am sure the Abuses of them are extremely pernicious: they authorize all the Arts of the most common Prostitute to seduce any young Gentleman; they favour her Wickedness, and render unalterable those shameful Ties in which she has once intrapped him. It is impossible, in *England*, to provide too warily against these Creatures; they have a most wonderful Dexterity in laying Snares for young Men, and in covering by a Marriage, which brings them again into Society, the Infamy of their past Conduct, which had separated them from it. Their most common Way is to intoxicate the Men whom they have such a Design upon. And then such a Creature, who wants to be the Wife of a Man, who perhaps would be ashamed to own her for his Mistress, prevails on him, by her dangerous Caresses to own before Witnesses, that he takes her for his Wife. It often happens so, when he imagines that he is only in Jest and Sport. But all jesting in this Affair becomes serious in *England*: The *Yes* is always taken in the strictest Sense of the Letter. The Woman perhaps has a Chaplain ready; this Minister of the Gospel lends himself to the Mystery of Iniquity; and that which in *France* would be only a Farce, which the Civil Magistrate would be prepared to chastize, becomes in *England* a serious Act, authoriz'd by the Laws. Whence it frequently happens, that a Man who went to Bed very easy and very drunk, finds himself at waking, married to a Creature whom he most heartily despises and abhors. Unions like these can only produce bad Citizens in a State. If Men abandon themselves brutally to their Passions, it should be the Work of the Laws to replace that Prudence which they then lost Sight of; and as far as the good of Society will permit, to hinder a momentary Weakness or Frenzy from making them unhappy the whole Remainder of their Lives. I know two Brothers, who, to their great Sorrow, were so caught by two Sisters; and who perhaps aggravate their Fault, instead of repairing it, by treating their Wives like Servants. What makes me write you a Letter on this Subject, is, that the other Day a Gentleman of *Lincoln*, who had been unfortunate in this Respect, shot himself through the Head the next Day, as soon as he understood the foolish Step he had taken."

The Reader will not be displeased to see some of our Author's Remarks concerning *the Face of the Country in England*, and the Condition of our Country-People. "You desire me (Letter XXVI.) to give you some Account of the Appearance of the Country in *England*; in order to let you know what you are to expect from it when you come hither yourself. I can answer beforehand for the Satisfaction you will have in a Country, where the Nature of the Climate, and the Industry of the Inhabitants, conspire to make it as agreeable as it is fertile. As you have seen *Italy*, you will find nothing that can satisfy you in the Buildings of *London*: That City is not indeed surprising, except by its Greatness. On the Contrary, one needs only to have Eyes to be surprized at the Beauty of the Country, at the Pains with which the Ground is cultivated, at the Richness of the Pastures, at the numerous Flocks and Doves with which they are covered, and at the Air of Plenty and Neatness which appears in the smallest Villages. Those who won't believe *England* to be a very fruitful Country, are greatly mistaken. The *English* make vast Sums every Year of the superfluous Quantities of Corn which they export. We can hardly be persuaded, in *France*, that violent Colds in the Air are more uncommon here than with us. But it is certainly true, that the Mists, with which this Island is generally covered, defend it both from excessive Cold and excessive Heat. Those thick Vapours are perhaps as beneficial to the Soil, as they are hurtful to the Health of the People. A plain Proof that they render the Climate here more moderate than ours, is, that some Trees, which in *France* are kept alive only in Green-houses, grow here in the open Air and free Soil. Most of the *Virginia*-Trees thrive very well about *London*; but at *Montbard* you were obliged to put them under Shelter in Winter. The Country here looks always very gay, because it is always green: Indeed it is not so much diversified as in *France*. Except in a few Countries, you don't see, in *England*, either vast Plains or high Mountains. Nothing astonishes one's Eye; but every thing satisfies it. You see every where gentle Declivities, covered with little Woods, and Meadows surrounded with Hedges, which are Proofs both of the Fertility of the Soil and the Industry of the People. The vast Country which is seen from *Richmond Hill*, has not so much the Air of a well cultivated Soil, as of an immense Garden, a sort of terrestrial Paradise; and what most contributes to the Beauty of these Prospects, is the prodigious

number of Parks and Country-Houses, with which they are crowded."——“ 'Tis in the Country (Letter XXXVI) that one sees the principal Difference between *France* and *England* : One may almost say, that Luxury is as common in the Villages here, as in the Cities with us. The *English* Peasant is Rich, and enjoys very plentifully all the Conveniences of Life. If he labours for the Profit of the Merchant, he partakes in the Emoluments of Trade as well as the rest of his Countrymen. The Wisdom of the *English* Government cannot be too much commended, in thus providing for the Happiness of this Class of Men, which ought indeed to be looked upon as the first Class ; since it is that which supports all the rest. A State where the Husbandman lives plentifully, must be a rich and powerful State ; and the Culture of the Soil along with the Welfare of those who manage it, should always be the first Object of a Legislature's Care. Whatever Maxims prevail in some Parts of the World, dictated by Cruelty, and by its common Companion Luxury, and adopted by a mistaken Policy ; it is certain that the Ground is always better improved, in Proportion as the Husbandman is richer. Our Neighbours think so ; Humanity first hinted this to them, and Experience has proved the Wisdom of the Maxim. The great Care with which the Soil is here cultivated, is the Effect of the Plenty and Conveniences which the Countrymen enjoy ; and if they be stronger than in *France*, it is perhaps owing to their being better dieted. The Villages are here much neater and better built than in *France* ; and every thing discovers the Riches of their Inhabitants. In their Houses the Country People are so much at their Ease, as to have acquired a Taste for Neatness ; and they have Leisure enough to satisfy that Taste. They are always well-clothed ; the Men hardly go abroad in Winter without a Riding-Coat ; and the Women are not content to be *Clad* ; they are really *Drest*. They have short Cloaks of Cloth for Winter, and Straw Hats for Summer ; for they have very fine Complexions, they are proud of them, and have it in their Power to preserve them. A *Villageoise*, in other Countries, appears only like a rough rustick Wench ; in *England*, by the Neatness of her Dress, and by the Genteelness of her whole Figure, one would take her for a Shepherdess of a Romance. I know Provinces in *France*, where the Women are distinguish'd from their Husbands only by their Petticoats ; and several of them don't at all think about it, especially in a Country where they go to the Plough as well as the Men ; but in  
*England*,

*England*, one hardly ever sees a Woman put to any sort of hard Labour. The very Beasts in *England* give Proofs of this wise Economy of their Country Affairs; and the Ground pays the Husbandman Interest for the Expence he is at in having good Cattle and in feeding them well. When he carries his Corn to Market, he has always a Horse for his own Saddle. But one sees most of their happy Condition at the Horse-Races, which they are so fond of. There are at least two thousand Country-Fellows at almost every Horse-Race, and many of them with their Wives or Mistresses behind them.—It is a great Pity that this plentiful and desirable Condition of the Country-People in *England*, makes them in general so Insolent and Proud.—

—Some of the best *English* Authors, I speak it to their Honour, (Letter XLI.) have wrote very agreeable and instructive Treatises on Gardening, which is no where more carefully cultivated than in *England*; and it is paying them no small Compliment to say, that they excel in it. If their Climate is not so favourable as ours, yet their Art carries them great Lengths beyond us. Pease are to be had at *London* much earlier in Season than at *Paris*, and Pine-Apples all the Year round. Brocoli, which is so scarce with us, is here served up at Ordinaries. In the Gardens about *London* there are all sorts of Melons, and excellent Peaches; and I have gather'd very good Figs even in the North of *England*. And this Observation is not only true of Fruit-trees; for there are in *England* a prodigious Variety of Exotic Trees, which have no Recommendation, but the Beauty or Singularity of their Form. And, in making this Use of their Riches, the *English* are, in my Opinion, much wiser than some Men of Fortune with us, who ruin themselves by changing their Equipages every six Months, and their Taverns every eight Days." Our Author gives afterwards such an Account of the ill Taste of our Forest-gardens and private Plantations, as plainly shews, that he never saw any thing considerable of that kind in *England*.

We find several of these Letters full of Reflections on the Perfection of the Mechanic Arts in *England*. "The *English* (Letter VIII.) are the most impatient People, that we know, of any thing that confines them; and at the same time the most constant in persevering in what they have once resolved. 'Tis by this continual Application, and indefatigable Courage, that they are become the Masters of all other Nations, both in those Sciences which are founded upon the Calculus, and in those Arts which depend upon the Rule and Compass. There

is the same Difference between our Workmen in *France* and such an Artift as *Graham*, as between a common Geometrician and Sir *Isaac Newton*. The *English* have great Advantages over their Neighbours, in every thing which is to be accomplish'd only thro' Time and Application; and we are indebted to them, in *France*, for many useful Machines, both in Navigation and in other Parts of laborious Handicraft; especially those Machines, which, as it were, multiply Men, by making the Strength of one Man sufficient to execute what the unassisted Strength of perhaps Thirty could not. And it is not only in great Works that they excel; their most common Workmen seem to have attain'd the Perfection of Art. In all sorts of Lock-smith's Work, which with us is perform'd in so slovenly a manner, I admire the Patience and Industry of the *English* Workmen. *Ravechet* does not take more Pains to finish the Hinges of a Gold Snuff-box, than a Workman does here to finish them in a common Chest of Drawers; and they succeed better in the little Country-Towns of *England*, in the Neatness and Exactness of all sorts of Work, than in the most considerable Cities of *France*. I have seen Joiners here, in the Country, shape and put together their Materials with a Niceness and Exactness, which the best of their Trade in *Paris* would hardly come up to. The *English* Artifts have an extremely laudable Quality, that they will never depart from that Degree of Perfection which they are once Masters of, they always do every thing as well as they can. The *French* Workman is far from deserving this Commendation. As soon as ever his Reputation is establish'd, he neglects it; and the Defects of his Performance proceed as often from his Desire to impose upon you, as from his Ignorance. On the contrary, the *Englishman* seems to have a Notion of what is just and fit, which will not allow him to trifle with his Work; and in this Respect it may be said, that the lowest Workman thinks nobly of the Trade which he professes. But then this Idea of the *Just* seems to be the only one which the *English* have of Beauty. The *Graceful* escapes them; because, in order to be touch'd, they stand in need of more certain and determinate Strokes. It is not enough in *France*, that a Chair be easy and convenient; it must likewise have an agreeable Form; and thus our Apartments are really adorn'd with what only barely furnishes them in *London*. The *English* Workmen are as sollicitous as ours in seeking this Gracefulness, and Elegance of Form; but, in spite of all their Efforts, they cannot attain it. As much as I admire their Invention in the  
mechanic

mechanic Arts, I am hurt with every thing they produce in the Arts of Taste. The Rule and Compass, which guide them in the one, serve only to constrain and stiffen them in the other.

Our Author very frequently repeats this Observation, as the Reader will see in what follows concerning Poetry and the Polite Arts in *England*. "It is certainly true (Letter XXIII.) that Painting and Poetry have a great Resemblance to each other; and yet they don't seem to be of the same Origin. That Maxim, which is so often repeated, That the same Genius produces both Poets and Painters, is only received perhaps, like many others, for want of having been duly examin'd; at least, the Maxim is most remarkably refuted here by Experience. *England* has had several celebrated Poets. They are few in any Nation, that can be compar'd with *Milton*; and Mr. *Pope*, at present, sustains with great Dignity the Honour of the *English* Muses; yet *England* has not yet produced one great Painter. The contrary has happen'd in other Countries. If the enchanting Art of Poetry has not been happily cultivated by the *Flemings*, yet that of Painting has made a Progress among them, sufficient to excite the Jealousy of their Neighbours. It is well known how much Honour *Flanders* has, in this respect, received from *Rubens*; but both he and *Vandyke*, and some other Masters of Reputation, have painted in *England*, without being able to raise Scholars in that Country worthy of themselves. The *English* have been, for many Years, purchasing noble Pictures from *France* and *Italy*. In the rich Collection of Sir *R. Walpole*, I was sorry to see one of the finest Pictures which *Poussin* ever painted, the *Striking the Rock in the Desert*, which I had left at *Paris*. There are many other Collections in *London*, where young Men may form their Taste; and go, like our young Painters, into *Italy* to study after *Raphael*, *Juho Romano*, and the other great Masters of the different Schools. And what is still more remarkable, People of Quality in *England* think nobly enough of these politer Arts, not only to honour and reward them, but even to be proud of cultivating them themselves. It is astonishing that, with all these Inducements, Painting has made so small a Progress in *England*. It is true, that *Paris* has one Advantage over *London*, an Academy of Painting; and *Lewis XIV.* to whom the Arts owe so much, founded another at *Rome* for the young Men of our Nation. But *Poussin* and *Le Sueur*, the Painters who have done most Honour to *France*, preceded those advantageous Establishments.

ments. The *English* indeed have one Painter, at least they think so; for they give the Name of a Painter to that Sir *James Thornhill*, who painted the Dome of *St. Paul's*, *Greenwich-Park*, and several other large Designs: But the best Connoisseur in Painting would, I fancy, be puzzled to determine, not the Part in which the Painter has most excell'd, but that in which he is least defective. I never heard of any other *Englishman* who aspired to History-Painting: The rest are content to be Portrait-Painters; and it is astonishing that, even in this Class, there is none that deserves to be named with Distinction. They have always practised this noble Art like the vilest Trade, just to make Money; and without the least Sentiment or Notion of Glory. As for Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, whom the *English* Nation adopted; tho' he has a fine Monument in *Westminster-Abbey*, tho' Mr. *Dryden* celebrated him, and Mr. *Pope* translated and applied to him the famous *Latin* Epitaph of *Raphael*; yet you might justly blame me, if I attributed to this *German* any other Merit, than his Good-Sense in chusing to fix in *England*, the only Country where he would have been call'd a Painter. The Portrait-Painters are at present more numerous, and more unskilful at *London*, than ever they were. Since *Vanloo* came hither, they have in vain attempted to cry him down; for no-body has a Portrait painted but by him. I have been with some of the most famous of them: At a Distance, one would take a Dozen of their Portraits for twelve Copies of the same Original. Some have their Head turn'd on the Left Side, some on the Right, and that is all the Difference among them; and, excepting the single Countenance or Likeness, they have all the same Neck, the same Arms, the same Colouring, the same Attitude; in short, these pretended Portraits are as void of Life and Action, as of Design in the Painter. It is not only in the elegant and majestic Styles of Painting that the *English* have fail'd; they have not been more fortunate even in the Comic, which they have applied themselves much more to. The Pleasantry and Humour of their Pictures, is like that of their Writings, cold, heavy, and extravagant: It is what one may call their National kind of Pleasantry. The *Luxemburg* Gallery of *Rubens*, and *Le Brun's Alexander's* Battles, have not had a greater Run in *France*, than a Set of Prints have had in *England*, graved after the Paintings of a Man very fruitful in this Way; but as bad a Painter as he is a worthy Man. All the Nation have been smitten with them, as one of the most ingenious and happy Productions of the Age. I hardly ever  
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see a well-furnish'd House without these moral Plates, representing the Life of a Debauchee, with all its ridiculous Excesses and fatal Consequences; some of which latter are really such as strike one with Horror; and here the *English* Genius has spar'd nothing to inspire it."

Such is the Author's disadvantageous Account of the State of Painting in *England*. The Reader may probably think differently from him in some Points, especially in his Judgment on the last-mention'd Paintings. His Account of our Architecture and Sculpture is not more favourable; tho' in the former of these, some *English* Artists, one at least, have distinguish'd themselves equally to almost any of the Moderns. He speaks of our Poets in a great many of his Letters; and it must be own'd that he does them Justice in many Instances. He always mentions *Milton* with particular Honour; and allows all the Vastness of *Shakespear's* natural Genius, tho' he seems excessively disgusted with what he calls the Barbarousness of his Style and Composition. He translates three or four of the remarkable Scenes in *Shakespear*, and two from *Southern's* Tragedy of *Oroonoko*. He has many Letters on the Political State and Government of *England*, in which it can hardly be expected that he should satisfy an *English* Reader; tho' he is, upon the Whole, candid enough; and his Reflections on most Subjects have something solid in them.

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## HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

*Continuation of the History, Power, and Political Interests  
of the House of AUSTRIA.*

AT the Time the last General War broke out on the Score of the *Spanish* Succession, the Affairs of the Emperor *Leopold* were but in a very indifferent Condition. He saw plainly, that without the Assistance of the Empire it was impossible for him to act effectually against *France*; and he saw at the same time, that it would be very difficult to engage the Princes and States of *Germany* in a War, with which they had no farther Concern, than as *Philip V.* King of *Spain* had taken

Possession of the Dutchy of *Milan*, which was a Fief belonging to the Empire; and the Dukes of *Savoy* and *Mantua* declaring against the Emperor, whose Vassals they were; yet so great an Interest his Imperial Majesty had, that by degrees he brought all the Circles to enter into the Alliance he had form'd with the Maritime Powers, which was brought to bear in the Year 1701, when it was agreed that the Empire should raise an Army of 120,000 Men; which, however, were never assembled but upon Paper. The Elector of *Bavaria* sided with *France*; as did also his Brother the Elector of *Cologne*: The former arm'd in his own Dominions, and the latter admitted *French* Troops into his Towns. The Duke of *Wolfenbuttle* also raised Troops for the Service of *France*; but before they were in a Condition to act, the Elector of *Hanover*, our late Sovereign, surrounded his Forces, and obliged them to enter into the Imperial Service; which was a Point of very great Importance at that Time.

In 1702, the Elector of *Bavaria* seized the City of *Ulm*. The Army of the Empire, under Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, was beat at *Fridlingben*; and *France* took Possession of the Dutchy of *Lorrain*, and the greatest Part of the Electorate of *Treves*. In 1703, the Elector of *Bavaria* defeated another Imperial General, made himself Master of the City of *Ratisbon*, and seized there all the Ministers assembled at the Diet of the Empire. He afterwards made an Irruption into *Tirol*, out of which he was driven by the Inhabitants: But upon his Return into *Germany*, being join'd by *M. Villars* with a Body of *French* Forces, he defeated the Imperialists at the first Battle of *Hochsted*, and soon after made himself Master of *Augsburg*. This Year also Prince *Ragotski* raised an Insurrection in *Hungary*; and by these several Misfortunes the Emperor was driven to the last Degree of Distress. The *Bavarians* being on the Frontiers of his Dominions on one Side, and the Malecontent *Hungarians* making Inroads to the very Gates of *Vienna* on the other. In the midst however of these Difficulties, his Imperial Majesty declared, in the Month of *September*, the Arch-duke *Charles* King of *Spain*, by the Name of *Charles III.* who was supported by the Allies.

In 1704, the Duke of *Marlborough* form'd the glorious Resolution of delivering the Emperor and Empire at once; with which View he advanced with the Army of the Allies into *Suabia*, and on the 2d of *July* forced the Lines at *Schellenberg*, which open'd a Passage into *Bavaria*. On the 13th of *August* following he defeated the *Bavarians* and *French*, in  
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the second Battle of *Hochsted*, or *Blenheim*; in which, with the Loss of about 5000 Men, he kill'd 12000 of the Enemy, took as many Prisoners, together with all their Artillery and Baggage; after which he drove the *French* intirely out of *Germany*, and return'd with his victorious Army into the *Low Countries*. The Emperor was no less successful against the *Hungarian* Malecontents; so that, as this was the last, it might be accounted the most glorious Year of his Life. He died at *Vienna* on the 5th of *May* following, in the 64th Year of his Age, and 46th of his Reign. He was thrice married; first to *Margareta Theresa*, Daughter to *Philip IV.* King of *Spain*; secondly to *Claudia*, Daughter to the Archduke *Ferdinand* his Cousin; and thirdly to *Eleanora*, Daughter to the Elector *Palatine*, by whom he left two Sons and three Daughters.

The Emperor *JOSEPH* succeeded his Father, as being already King of the *Romans*, in the Flower of his Age; being at that Time about Twenty-five, and a Prince of as great Hopes as any in *Europe*. It was believed, that at the very Beginning of his Reign an End might have been put to the War, by the Recovery of *Lorrain*, and entering that way into *France*; and it was likewise propos'd to bring about an Accommodation with the *Hungarians*. The former was defeated by Prince *Lewis* of *Baden's* failing the Duke of *Marlborough*, whom he ought to have join'd; and the latter came to nothing through the Obstinacy of the Malecontents, who, tho' they might be beaten, could never be humbled.

In the Beginning of the Year 1706, there happened a kind of general Insurrection among the Peasants in *Bavaria*, out of meer Loyalty to their Sovereign, at that Time retired into *France*; but it was suppress'd, tho' not without vast Effusion of Blood; some thousands being kill'd in the Field, and many afterwards hanged, in order to terrify the rest. This only serv'd to sharpen the Emperor's Resentment; who, on the First of *May*, proceeded to put the Electors of *Bavaria* and *Cologne* under the Ban of the Empire. The *French* not only relieved *Fort Lewis*, but also recover'd *Drusenheim* and *Haguenau*, which they had lost the Year before; and in the last-mention'd Place they became Masters of a fine Train of Artillery, which drew a Suspicion upon Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, as if he had left it there for them; but his Highness dying soon afterwards, and the military Affairs of the Empire going then rather worse than before, convinced the World that he

had been aspersed, and that the Losses under his Command were owing to Misfortune, and not to any Fault in him.

In 1707, the *French*, under the Command of Marshal *Villars*, forced the *Impérialists* in their Lines, and over-ran all *Suabia* and *Wirtemberg*, raising most dreadful Contributions, for which that General was famous: And it is very highly probable he would have push'd still farther into the Empire, if he had not been prevented by the Siege of *Toulon*; so that none of the Allies reap'd so great Profit from that Expedition as the Emperor, who was most against it. The Negotiations with the *Hungarians* went on, but to no Purpose; tho' the Maritime Powers labour'd all they could to have brought about a Peace. In the Beginning of 1708, there happen'd a Dispute between his Imperial Majesty and the Pope, in which the latter was reduced to submit to such Terms as were prescribed him, and obliged to acknowledge the Arch-duke *Charles* in Quality of King of *Spain*, and consequently of *Naples*, much against his Inclination. In *Flanders* the *French* were beat at *Oudenard*, and lost *Lisfe*; but the Army of the Empire was able to do nothing.

In 1710, the Emperor propos'd sending to that Army 11000 of his own Troops, and to contribute a large Sum of Money towards the Expences of the Campaign; yet these Premises were so indifferently complied with, that the Elector of *Hanover*, who was to have commanded the Army of the Empire, thought fit to return into his own Dominions. In *Hungary*, however, the Malecontents were so effectually beaten, that their Chiefs thought fit to retire; and in all Probability an End had been put to the Troubles in that Kingdom, if the Emperor had not died of a very short Illness on the 17th of *April* 1711, in the 33d Year of his Age, and at the Close of the sixth Year of his Reign; leaving by his Empress, who was a Princess of the House of *Hanover*, no Male Issue.

*CHARLES VI.* the late Emperor's only Brother, and the sole Heir Male of the House of *Austria*, was elected his Successor in the Month of *August* in the same Year, and was crown'd in *December* following. By his Return out of *Catalonia*, he lost all Hopes of recovering the Kingdom of *Spain*; and the Peace of *Utrecht*, in the following Year, put it out of his Power to carry on the War in the *Low Countries*. On the 22d of *May* 1712, he was crown'd King of *Hungary* at *Presbourg*, and began to employ all his Thoughts on settling the Succession in the House of *Austria*, in case he should die without

without Issue; and the finding out Ways and Means for carrying on the War with *France*. In respect to the former, he declared the eldest of his Neices his sole Heiress; and in regard to the latter, he marched a great Body of Forces into the *Low Countries*; but was soon after forced to employ all his Troops in securing the Frontiers of the Empire, which were attack'd by the *French*; who, before the Close of the Year 1713, reduced the strong Fortrefs of *Fribourg*; which, with other Misfortunes, forced him to make a Peace with *France*, which was sign'd at *Rastadt* on the 6th of *March* 1714, chiefly on the Plan of the Treaty of *Westphalia*.

In the following Year he declared War against the *Turks*, in Favour of the *Venetians*. Prince *Eugene* commanded the Imperial Armies, as he had done against the *French* and *Spaniards*; and on the 5th of *July* 1716, totally defeated the Infidels at *Peterwaradin*, wherein the Grand Vizier and ten Bakhaws were kill'd upon the Spot; their intire Train of 170 Pieces of Cannon, their military Chest, and all their Baggage falling into the Hands of the Imperialists. The important City of *Temeswaer* surrender'd on the 13th of *October*, which added a very considerable Country to the Emperor's Dominions, in Quality of King of *Hungary*. The next Year Prince *Eugene*, at the Head of the Imperial Army, invested *Belgrade*; to the Relief of which the *Turks* march'd as great an Army as it was in their Power, under the Command of the new Grand Vizier; which Army, however, was defeated on the 15th of *August* 1717, after an obstinate Engagement of five Hours. In this Action the *Turks* lost 131 Pieces of Brass Cannon, 37 Mortars, 52 Colours, and nine Horse-Tails. On the 17th of the same Month *Belgrade* capitulated; and soon after the *Turks* consented to a Peace, or rather to a Truce for 25 Years, which was concluded at *Passarowitz* under the Mediation of the Maritime Powers.

While this War lasted, King *Philip V.* of *Spain* had attacked the Island of *Sardinia*, which had been left to the Emperor by the late Treaty of Peace; and was very near making the Conquest of the Island of *Sicily*, which had been yielded to the Duke of *Savoy*, with the Title of King. But the great Powers of *Europe*, perceiving that these Disputes would bring on a new general War, resolved to cut them short; and to this End the Quadruple Alliance was concluded between the Emperor, *France*, *Great-Britain*, and *Holland*. By which both *Sardinia* and *Sicily* were recovered out of the Hands of the *Spaniards*; and the former given in Exchange

change for the latter, to the Duke of *Savoy*, since stiled King of *Sardinia*. In order to prevent future Debates, and to induce *Spain* to accede to this Treaty, it was agreed that the Issue of his Catholick Majesty *Philip V.* by his second Queen *Elizabeth*, Daughter to the Duke of *Parma*, should succeed to the Dominions of this Prince, if he died without Male Issue; which Concession has been the Cause of all the Troubles that have since happened in *Europe*. *Spain*, was with much to do forced to accept of these Terms, or rather submit to them; and his Imperial Majesty was not very well satisfy'd even with this, which occasioned the holding in the Year 1724 a Congress at *Gambray*, where while *France* and the Maritime Powers were taking all the imaginable Pains to compromise these Disputes, and fix the general Tranquillity of *Europe* upon a solid Basis, the Courts of *Vienna* and *Madrid* entered in a private Negotiation, which terminated soon after into several Treaties of Alliance and Commerce between the two Courts, so much to the Advantage of the Emperor, and so utterly inconsistent with the Interest of *France* and the Maritime Powers, that they found themselves under an absolute Necessity of entering into a Treaty for their own Security, which was accordingly signed and concluded in 1725 at *Hanover*, which changed the Face of Affairs again. And after some Hostilities between *Spain* and *England*, produced another Congress at *Soissons*, in which *Spain* demanded and obtained from the *Hanover* Allies, that instead of six thousand *Swiss* Troops, which were to be put into the Dutchies of *Parma*, *Placentia*, and *Tuscany*, to secure the eventual Succession of those Countries to *Don Carlos*, six thousand *Spaniards* should be employed, to which the Emperor refused to consent. This in 1729, produced the Treaty of *Seville*, concluded by the *Hanover* Allies with his Catholick Majesty, in order to force the Emperor to submit to the Condition beforementioned; but before this could be brought about, the Duke of *Parma* died, which made a considerable Alteration in the State of Affairs; inasmuch as it gave *Don Carlos* an immediate Right to his Dominions, even in Virtue of those Treaties which had been concluded with his Imperial Majesty. However, he took Care to put all things into so good a Posture, that the Allies of *Seville* were able to do nothing by Force.

There could be no other Method found out to induce his Imperial Majesty to give Way to the Alteration made in the Treaty of *London* by that of *Seville*; except the Promise of guarantying the Succession, which he had established in his

his Family, when he saw there was no Probability of his having any Male Issue. This Point was effectually secured by the Treaty of *Vienna* in 1731, by which the Emperor consented to the Introduction of *Don Carlos* in the Manner that had been desired. But this was so far from hindering, that it really brought about a War, which the Emperor flattered himself would not have been at all prejudicial to his Interest, supposing that his Alliances would have secured him effectually against the whole Power of the House of *Bourbon*. He depended in the North upon the *Czarina*, and her placing on the Throne of *Poland* the present King *Augustus* III. He looked upon the Empire's declaring in his Favour, as a Thing of Course. He depended upon the King of *Sardinia*, and had not the least Scruple about the Maritime Powers. Yet for all this fair Prospect, that War had very near cost him all his Dominions in *Italy*. The Empire did indeed assist him, but unwillingly. The Elector of *Bavaria* kept a kind of armed Neutrality. The Elector Palatine desired to be excused from contributing to the War, on Account of what his Dominions suffered by it. In short, all the Princes of the Empire were slow as ever; and some of them suspected. The King of *Sardinia* entered into the Alliance against him. The *Dutch* took Care of themselves, by a Neutrality, which made it unfit and unreasonable for *Great-Britain* to engage in the War; but after a great deal of Blood spilt, and the almost total Ruin of the Countries contended for, the War was concluded in 1735, by a Peace as favourable for the Emperor as he could well expect.

He lost indeed the Kingdoms of *Naples* and *Sicily*, which were given to *Don Carlos*, and the Duke of *Lorrain* made an absolute Cession of his Country to *France*, but then the Emperor had *Parma* and *Placentia* in Exchange; the Duke had *Tuscany*, which by his Marriage with the Arch-Duchess, was to become part of the hereditary Dominions of the House of *Austria*. *Augustus* III. was left in the peaceable Possession of the Kingdom of *Poland*, and *France* guaranty'd the Pragmatic Sanction. As soon as this War was over, the Emperor most unaccountably engaged in another with the *Turks*, in Conjunction with the *Czarina*, tho' he had no Quarrel with them of his own; in which he was very unfortunate; and at last, by the Interposition of *France*, made a very indifferent Peace at the Expence of *Belgrade*, which was given up to the Infidels.

He saw when it was too late, the Error he had committed, and the Consequences that would attend it, against which he endeavoured

deavoured to provide in the best Manner he could ; and the War which broke out between *Great-Britain* and *Spain*, might possibly have given him an Opportunity of doing it effectually, if in the Midst of the Political Measures he was taking for that Purpose, he had not been cut off by Death, after a few Days Illness, on the 20th of *October* 1740, leaving behind him only two Daughters ; one married to the Duk of *Lorrain*, now stiled Grand-Duke of *Tuscany* ; the other intended for his Brother Prince *Charles*, whom he afterwards espoused. Thus we have brought down the History of the House of *Austria* to the present Time, and shall in the next Number give the Reader a clear Account of the Pragmatick Sanction, and the political Interests of this Family, which so nearly concern the general System of Affairs in *Europe*, and are like to have a very particular Influence over them during our Times at least ; and which therefore render this Article equally Curious and Important.

The END of NUMBER XIX.

